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The Bugle Call

Griffith

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UNITED STATES HEROES

The Bugle Call of Old Glory

COMMEMORATED BY

Walter Smith Griffith

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Riant Studio - Jersey City

FIRST EDITION
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Walter Smith Griffith

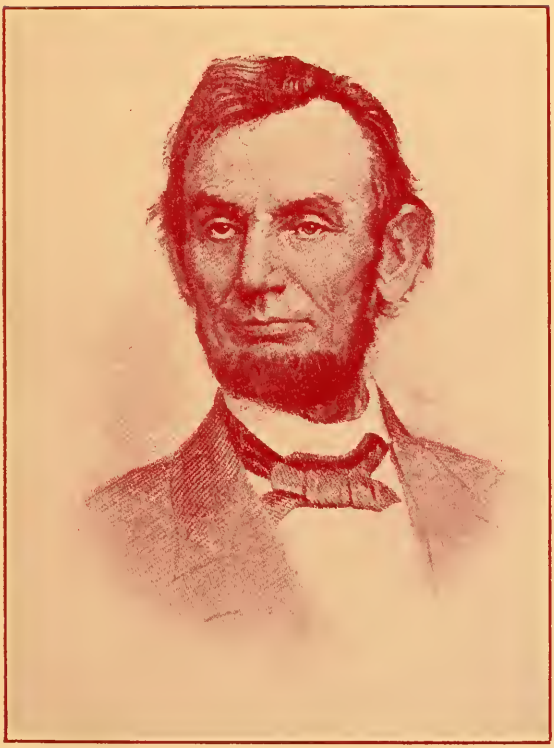
MY LAND OF DAZZLING GLORY

Of thee, my native land, my soul is proud,
Of thy broad plains and rolling hils;
Thou art my father, yea, my mother dear,
The universe thy being thrils;
Thy hand hast broken many galling chains,
To be thy son my proudest claim.

Thou art so fair, thy way so just,
The world of care and sordid lust
Quails back, afraid, at thy command.

Thy glory shines thruout the earth,
Thy thriling chimes wil e'er giv birth
To stiring deeds and sacrifice.

And when my time has come to sing
My passing prayer to Him, my King,
May I with glory join the host
In battle to enrich thy fame.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

EMANCIPATOR

Abraham Lincoln.

(Emancipator.)

Within a lowly prairie cabin home,
Whose carpet was the virgin prairie's loam,
A child was born unto a humble pair—
A gift of love to grace the fondest care,
And mother heart to feed his mind rare fare,
Tho Want and Struggle were around the board
To tax to utmost father's slender hoard,
Yet, stil, one more was welcome.

The boy grew strong and sturdy in his might,
He grasped the Sword of Truth with ready right,
He split the rails that marked his daily toil
With cheerful mien and thought no one could soil
With tricky art or other rankling boil;
And how his righteous wrath would tear the wretch
Who dared strive hard to force his soul to stretch
A link in Honor's armor.

Then on and up he won the rocky path
That leads away from Sodom's sordid wrath—
The path that runs thru satan's great stronghold,
Where daily souls are sold to gain the cold
And scanty comfort of the earthly mold;
The mazes of the legal art he tore
Until the title just he proudly bore
Of Honest Abe, the lawyer.

Then politics was satan's next bold game
To lure his soul away from Freedom's fame,
But on in dauntless majesty he swept,
And e'en the wind roared by in gusts that wept
For dreadful carnage that old Time stil kept
Within the womb of years to try his worth
When he should guide fair Freedom's ship of earth
Thru war and public clamor.

As President his path was torn with shel
From satan's guns of brothers' fiercest hel;
But Lincoln, Abraham, was true to God;
He built his faith on Father's grandest sod—
The purging fire of Freedom's smiting rod
Poured out to strike the shackles from the meek,
To give to them a chance to Freedom seek,
With right to freely labor.

The tramping feet of sturdy martial men,
The clash of arms of brothers of the ken
Of Freedom's Flag, the roar of cannon loud,
The grief and pain of war's enormous cloud,
Outpouring wo to cleanse the surging crowd,
Bowed down his head with weight of many lives
That paid the price, for Freedom rarely strives
Without a frightful rending.

And when grand peace spread o'er this mighty land,
'Twas then, with waves of steel at his command—
Exultant veterans of gory fields—
He showed the highest form that Freedom yields—
A holy love that God's great blessing shields—
He put away the thoughts of flesh renown,
He placed upon his brow the laurel crown—
A democratic ruler.

But Fate had marked the end of his life's task
And called for his great soul to leave the mask;
Within a wicked brain the deed was pland,
And helish fires the passion further faned
Unto a deed the nation most unmaned.
In proudly lofty station stands his name,
His imprint's deep upon the scroll of fame
As Father Abe, the martyr.

Republics.

And stil the cause of Freedom spreads,
Despite the fight of crowned heads,
From north to south, from east to west,
The people realize 'tis best
To rule themselves.

Thanksgiving Day.

Come sing a hymn to Freedom's King,
Let anthem to high Heaven ring,
Our hearts are ful of joy today
And praise is due our Father's sway;
He's brought us thru a trying year
And freed our hearts from chiling fear;
Our arms have won rare triumphs grand
O'er foes in far-off foreign lands;
He's burst the chains of many slaves,
He's soothed our tears o'er heroes' graves;
Now bow our heads and humbly pray
For aded blessings on our way;
Then sing with vim the Nation's songs,
Loud cheer our sons, to them belongs
The credit due for daring skil
On ocean deep, up steepest hil,
And ring the notes on Freedom's bel,
Ring loud its voice, ring clear its swel
All o'er the land where freemen dwel,
That it may weave its mystic spel.

Sumter.

A frightful roar, the storm of war
Spread quickly far, with rending jar,
Thru Freedom's streets, with pulsing beats
Of drum and fife to call to strife,
To rouse each heart to bear its part,
To loose the purse, to wounded nurse,
When rebels fired on Sumter.

The people hear, with anxious ear,
Each cannoned note to battled moat,
And pulses beat with fervid heat,
While every sense is drawn and tense
Lest Freedom's crown and fair renown
Shal trail the dust for serfdom's lust,
While rebels fight with Sumter.

A cry of rage, the battle gage
Was thrown afar by loyal tar
And soldier brave, on land and wave;
To arms! To arms! From towns and farms
A rolling wave of freemen brave
Came dashing fast to face the blast
When rebels captured Sumter.

Our Emblem.

Caressing breezes waft no nobler emblem high;
'Tis Heaven's quick relief to slaving people nigh
From suffering's travail and sorrow's bitter cry;
A strong and sure uplift to bosom's hopeless sigh;
The refuge close, direct from tyrants' dirgeful die,
And fiting, true release from serfdom's thralling eye—
    The Flag of our great Fatherland,
    The thril of each rare hero grand,
    The rock round which the valiant stand,
    The boon of our brave fighting band—
        Fair Freedom's Starry Crown.

Our Flag.

The stripes of white are an emblem of light,
The stripes of red are our footprints of might,
The gleaming stars in the azure so bright
Are Freedom's beacon from serfdom's dread blight.

Uncle Sam's Host.

What nation dare disturb Old Glory land,
Where rich and poor march forward hand in hand
To loose the chains from many weeping slaves,
To ask a fair account for needless graves?

Where can you find a land so rich and grand,
So ful of Charity and Love's command
To make each soul a brother in the fight
To reap the best that comes from Freedom's might?

Where can you find a people that old Self
Has lost so strong a hold upon their pelf,
Where children ad a charm unto each hearth
And rich and poor rejoice in prattlers' mirth?

Where are the chances half so good and fair
To gain a place upon the golden stair,
And where may poor achieve so much renown
As under Freedom's shining Starry Crown?

Our fathers faced their fate and friendship broke,
Determined to throw off the galling yoke,
When taxed without a voice in making laws,
And now the earth resounds with Freedom's cause.

Fair Freedom's land has shed its richest blood
To stem the tide of serfdom's awful flood,
And precious lips have madly bit the dust
To pay the price for lordlings' greedy lust.

The day is near when Freedom's mighty host
Wil make the crumbling thrones yield up the ghost.
When thru the climes the chimes wil proudly sing
A paen grand unto our righteous King.

Within a lowly manger slept a child,
Who rose and bore the cross of sin that wild,
Licentious satan pland for our disgrace,
By Savior's precious Blood we gained new place.

Tho He is risen, onward flies the Word,
Until by hosts the theme is gladly heard;
The mighty Truth is sweeping down the years,
Upheld by Freedom's sons, 'mid mothers' tears.

GEN. WINFIELD SCOTT HANCOCK

Gettysburg.

The Battle of Gettysburg was the keystone of the Civil War. The men were harangued by their commanders before the conflict. So fierce was the resultant zeal of the combatants that when ammunition became exhausted the battle was continued hand-to-hand, like unto the days when knights were bold.

The Federals held Gettysburg and the surrounding country. It was a natural battlefield, and they strengthened the position by every means in their power.

The First Day.

July 1, 1863—The Confederates commenced their assault at 9 A. M. from the northwest with a savage attack on the skirmishers along the Chambersburg Road. Seminary Ridge was held by the engineers to be the key to the position, and here was where the Federals made their stand. Desperate fighting ensued. Reinforcements were hurried up by the commanders on both sides. The Confederates posted batteries to command the Federal position, and the frightful cross-fire and repeated charges by the outnumbering Confederate force turned the tide of battle against the Federals, who retreated through Gettysburg in great confusion. The Confederates took about 5,000 prisoners.

The Second Day.

July 2, 1863—Gen. Winfield Scott Hancock arrived and took command of the Federals, who massed around Little Round Top and Round Top, to the south of Gettysburg, where one of the most valiant battles in history followed. The Confederates commenced the attack from the west at half-past three in the afternoon, swarming in on the Federal skirmishers in the peach orchard to the west of Devil's Den, whom they drove back to their main position at Little Round Top, where a bitter fight ensued. The Confederates were beaten back. They reformed and again attacked. The fighting was of a sanguinary character, and the Federals were driven back to Cemetery Hill, resisting every step. Gen. Hancock then took personal command, and there were furious charges and countercharges. The Federals brought up more batteries, and their flank and cross-fires caused the Confederates to halt. Both sides bivouaced on the field. Nothing decisive.

The Third Day.

July 3, 1863—At daybreak the Federal artillery opened the engagement. The Confederates attacked all along the Federal line, finaly retiring to their position on Seminary Ridge. From 1 to 3 P. M. a furious artillery duel took place between the Confederate artillery, about 115 guns, and the Federal batteries, about 80 guns. Shortly after 3 o'clock the Federal general, Hunt, ordered the fire to cease in order to cool the guns and bring up more ammunition in preparation for the contest at close quarters, which he judged would soon follow. Gen. George E. Pickett believed Gen. Hancock's batteries were silenced and ordered an advance, personaly leading the charge. A mile and a quarter separated the armies, and Pickett's brigade faced a withering fire of solid shot, shel and canister, which tore great holes in its alinement. To this was aded volleys of musketry. They paused, but again came on with desperate valor, and were only repulsed after a terrific hand-to-hand encounter. The Federals captured about 4,500 prisoners. There was more fighting, but the Federals had won the day. From this point the star of the Confederacy commenced to wane.

Forces engaged—About 100,000 men on each side.
Federal loss—23,000 men (about).
Confederate loss—26,000 men (about).

The Storm Breaks.

Far northward swept the rebel tide—
"I'll camp down by the Hudson's side,"
Quoth Lee, with dashing southern pride;
But, grimly brave, the northmen dare
The chivalry of battles' flare,
And wait the issue calmly there
On Gettysburg's bold field.

The sun shone down resplendent rays
Upon the hosts beneath its blaze,
Like leashed tigers held at bay,
Awaiting but the word to slay
For what each held to be the right
And hoped to win by force of might
And gallant conduct there.

The grays, with dashing lilt and yel,
Ope wide the doors of War's dread hel;
The blues as stubbornly contest
Their hold upon the Ridge's crest,
While back and forth the raging roar
Of flashing guns the ether tore
As on the battle raged.

The tide runs strong against the blues,
Who battle on, with aching thews,
But reinforcements swerve the flood,
The battlefield runs red with blood,
With might and main, with flashing steel,
With storms of shot, they slaying reel
In deadly combat grim.

The gray's reserves come swarming fast,
Like angry bees, in battle blast,
The blues, outnumbered, slowly yield,
They stubbornly contest the field,
But enfilading batteries
Fil ful their cup with miseries—
The blues are beaten back.

When darkness sent its mantle down
It hid the battle's beetling frown,
And 'neath its cloak the blues retire
Thru Gettysburg, confusion dire,
To where their comrades wait the fray
They know wil come with thriling sway
When foemen storm their line.

* * * * * * *

The Reaper garners fast the sons
'Mid thundrous roar of mighty guns,
As thru the day, with gruesome flare,
Dread armaments' momentous blare
Unrolls the scroll of dazzling fame
Fair Freedom's sons reap from the flame
Of battle's dashing thrall.

Hancock's Heroism.

Into the breach, with gallant dash,
With fearless scorn of combat's clash,
Rode Hancock on his fiery steed
To cheer with buoyant word and deed.

His soul soared o'er the battle's swings
On Energy's high-powered wings;
Where raging tempest fiercely blew,
From charge to charge he quickly flew.

Tho wounded sore he kept the field
Until he saw the foemen yield,
Until his men's victorious cheers
Came welcome to his anxious ears.

Where Glory, with her perfumed breath,
Led o'er the yawning jaws of death,
They strove in Freedom's glorious name
To cleanse our land from serfdom's shame.

And many precious sons were slain
That slaves might Freedom's honors gain
As row on row the rebel steel
Was trampled 'neath their valiant heel.

Pickett's Charge.

For two long days the storm of war
O'er Gettysburg's red field
Had swept the hosts both near and far,
While foemen slashed and reeled,
And rank on rank the leaden spray
Had lain the slain of blue and gray.

But Fate stil held the victor's crown
Past noon the third bright day;
From Cemetery Ridge the frown
Of cannon, grim, to slay;
Debouching from the forest del,
The grays, in spite of cannons' knel.

Brave Pickett led the long gray line,
Torn oft with shot and shel,
At double quick, formation fine,
Loud rang the Southern yel,
As forward, with a swinging stride,
They sought to turn the battle's tide.

From Seminary Ridge they came,
A useless sacrifice;
The air throbed with the deadly hum,
And hearts seemed in a vise
As canister and grape mowed fast
The men in gray with fiery blast.

And on and on, with scarce a pause,
Across the zone of death,
The flower of the Southern cause,
Swept by the cannon's breath,
Endurance great and courage rare,
Charged on the blues with reckless dare.

A flanking force came runing, then
Their musketry poured in,
And groans and shrieks of wounded men
Increased the awful din;
The right then yielded up the field,
Beneath such fire the bravest reeled.

Then hand-to-hand the fight was waged,
And forward once again,
The conflict fiercely onward raged,
Their path was heaped with slain;
The blues retired behind their guns,
Which belched their double-shoted tons.

No aid for them thus madly sent,
Their star began to fade,
Retiring, sadly, back they went,
Their history was made;
The King, from His grand judgment seat,
Had set upon their brows "Defeat."

Memorial Day.

Each nation that is great and just
Rare honor pays to heroes' dust,
Each flag that breezes gaily wave
Sings gladsome tribute to the brave.

When month of May is at its end
Fair Freedom's sons their footsteps bend
To churchyards where the heroes sleep,
And o'er the clay they softly weep.

High shaft and grandly worded phrase
Enhance the worth of hero craze,
But privates in their modest graves
Are just as much the bravest braves.

What more could man ask of his God
Than mound of earth and fragrant sod,
Wherein his weary limbs to rest
And wait the time for His behest?

No nobler strain for them can ring,
No choirs can chant or sweetly sing
More honor to their humble clay
Than flowers strewn on blue and gray.

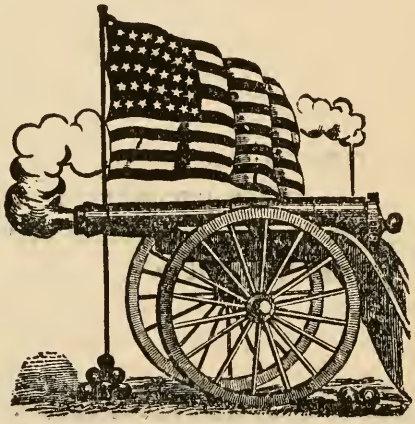
With heroes head the marching throngs;
To them, indeed, all praise belongs;
Get them to sing the old war songs;
Scourge not the old with sneering thongs.

Too soon their heads wil lie at rest
Besides comrades—the Nation's blest—
In honor cross on silent breast
Emblazoned arms with Nation's crest.

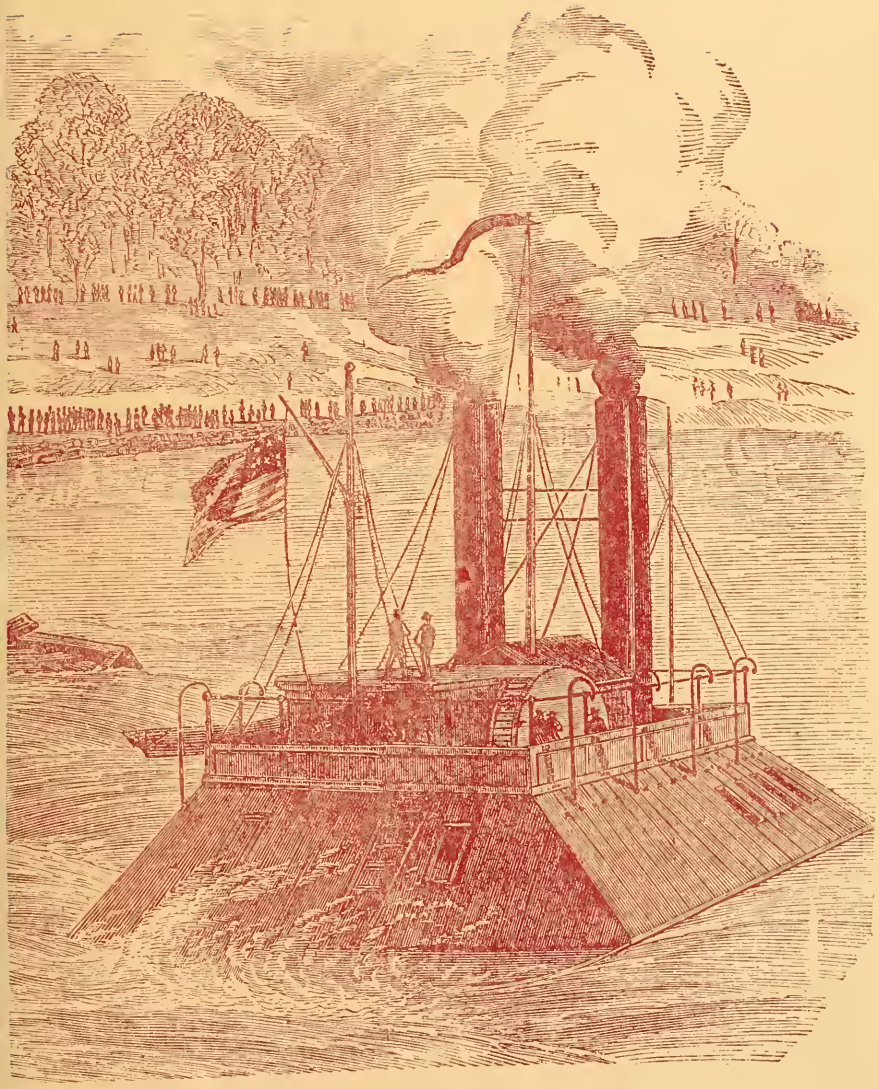
Our dazzling stars stil o'er you wave,
Ye dead and living heroes brave;
Let tears of peace enrich each grave
Of them who died their cause to save.

Plant roses on their resting place,
Let ivy now their tombstones grace;
Deep down within our heart of hearts
We cherish love that ne'er departs.

Meek Jesus came to save from sin,
To teach the way to brothers win,
His Blood hath bought out sinful clay
From satan's dark and deadly way.



MEMORIAL DAY SCENE



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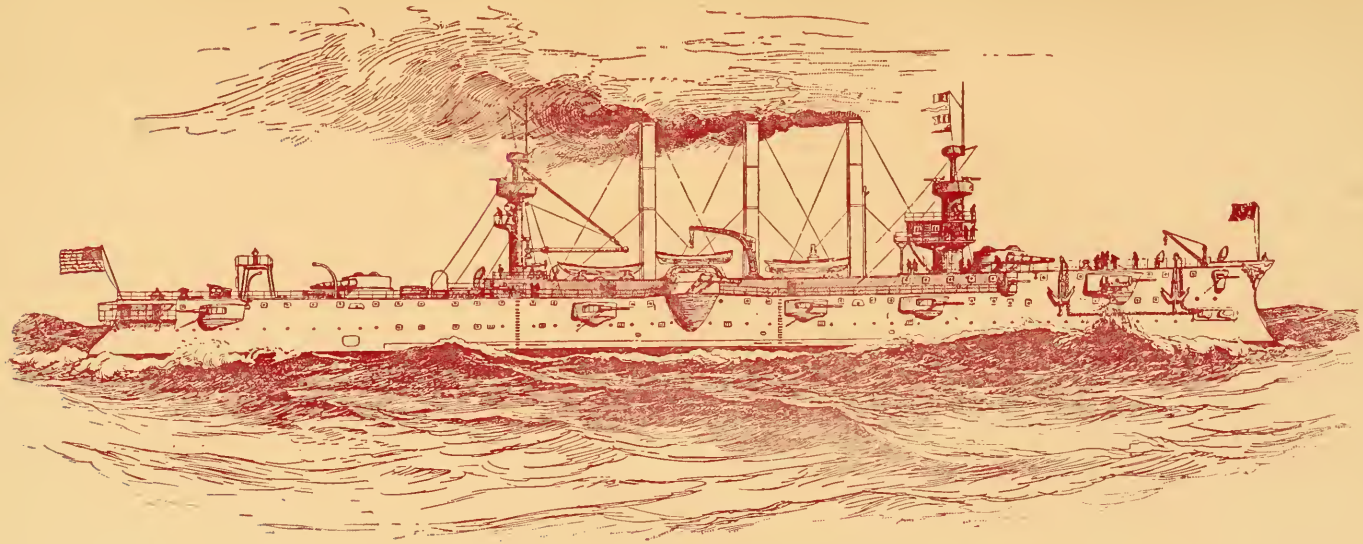

U. S. CRUISER (Up=to=Date)

PRESIDENT WILLIAM McKINLEY

President William McKinley.

In calm, judicial, fearless way
    He steers the Ship of State
Past beetling rocks of jealous fray
    To reach her shining fate;
He won his spurs with courage rare,
    With skil and daring dash,
His victories now are ones of care,
    Red tape the combat's clash;
Unworthy sons would shirk the work,
    No privates would they be,
They bar the way, with foolish quirk,
    Of Freedom's gallant free.

The Destruction of the Maine.

(February 15, 1898.)

At anchor swung a gallant ship
Within Havana's port;
No need for war's resort
To man her guns and bravely fight
Upon that calm and peaceful night.

She seemed at peace with all mankind
While gently swinging there;
No need for trumpets' blare,
Or officers the range to find
For guners down behind steel blind.

Old satan found a fertile soil
Wherein to sow a seed
Unto a dastard deed,
And crafty men had placed a mine
That tore apart the cruiser fine.

It was a sneaking, wicked act
That hurled the Maine to doom;
Around the world the loom
Of wires announced the anguished wail
That freemen raised—a mighty flail.

Then and Now.

The Spaniards bold,
In days of old,
So we've been told,
Could conquer peaceful tribes;
With fire and sword
They came aboard
For natives' hoard,
And promised life for bribes.

And when the natives gave their hoard
Did Spaniards cease the fire and sword?
Where, then, had Spanish honor flown
When flames of lust were widely blown
To scorch the soil of natives' home,
And dons reeked red with natives' blood
To stil the gold and bestial flood?

'Twas fun to laugh and jeer and sneer
And brag of name, with haughty leer,
In days of old.

In modern times
The Spanish crimes
'Mid Southern climes
Aroused our Yankee ire;
No more with sword
Shal duke and lord
Reap rich reward,
Or rule by ruin dire.

The tricky Spaniards were the same
Vile creatures, foul, and of il-fame;
They wrecked the Maine with dastard skil,
They showed how gladly they would kil
Each daring soul who'd brave their wil;
But times were changed and Yankee dash
Soon checked their way with awful crash.

They had no time for joke or jest
When cannons spoke the trite behest
Of Yankees bold.

War With Spain.

Starvation, lust and pain, with wanton hands,
Had Spain spread wide o'er her colonial lands;
The suckling babes at Spain's unwholesome breast
Were doomed outright to years of wild unrest
Or torn by dogs at soulless dons' behest.

But angels of this world's all-wise, great King
Had kept the score until the mighty ring
Of wo had grown unto a tempest wail
That tore apart proud Spain with flashing flail
Of Vengeance's sword—the golden holy grail.

Then one by one her colonies were lost,
But stil she reckoned not the dreadful cost
Of soulless deeds, and onward rushed her fate
With heartless jest and frightful lust to sate
Her greed for gold and bloody vampire trait.

At last she struck upon fair Freedom's rock,
Her ship of state sustained a rending shock
And split in twain before the tempest ceased;
Her empire to one-half had then decreased,
And soon she'll pay her all unto the fleeced.

Battle of Manila.

Outside Manila Bay the rippling tide
Bore on its bosom broad the Yankees' pride—
Brave Dewey's men awaited deadly fray
With vessels changed from white to somber gray;
No shiver crept thruout their manly clay,
But like a fiery blast the surging blood
Spured on the sturdy seamen with its flood.

Aboard each gallant ship the hardy tars
Had fixed the means for meeting battles' jars;
The captains met below the polished decks
Of Commodore's trim home, and pland the wrecks
That caused bold dons to tremble lest their necks
Should feel the steel with which they'd slain the weak
And dyed the soil that they might vengeance wreak.

When rumor flew and grew with steady pace
That soon those dons might know the sad disgrace
They wel deserved, the gallant seamen strode
With hurried steps to place each steel abode
In shape to meet the best that ever rode
The billows high or stemed the swinging tide
Within a port when belching guns were tried.

"Remember wel the Maine," the slogan rang,
In mighty chorus thus the seamen sang,
And burning words rose from the jackies' lips:
"Just wait," they cried, "and see who holds the whips,
The cruisers of the dons or Yankee ships!"
And cheer on cheer rose high unto the sky
When forth they went to do or bravely die.

All lights went out, and midnight's mantling shroud
Encompassed round the Yankees' cruisers proud
As up the channel broad, in stern array,
Olympia in front to feel the way,
They steamed upon that glorious first of May—
The day that threw a broad and dazzling light
Into the eyes that read of Freedom's might.

Beside the guns were figures grim and grave,
Which waited word to send our message brave
Of might unto a dark and stubborn foe,
Whose bloody tread had fild the world with woe,
Whose course had long been ever downward flow,
And who, with hauty brow and iron hand,
Had sought to gird the earth with his harsh band.

A flash and roar—Corregidor spake strong
A harsh command that bade our ships prolong
Their stay until the word that all was wel—
But no! the time had come for Spanish knel;
The answer quick was sent—a bursting shel—
Whose fragments laid the gunners low in death
And paved the way for more from cannons' breath.

Then onward up the stream in single file
The Yankee cruisers steamed in wining style,
While, silent, at their posts, the gunners wait—
No fear, but feelings keen of awful hate
When thoughts crowd fast of gallant Maine's harsh fate,
And visions came of many comrades where
The sharks glide by and at their corpses glare.

And on until the sun's resplendent rays
Revealed Manila to their anxious gaze,
And further on, where Spanish cruisers wait
In readiness to strike and hatred sate,
With Cavite's huge guns to indicate
Their wilingness to aid the Spanish fleet
When belching guns announce that foemen meet.

Then on they steamed, Olympia in front
To clear the way and bear the battle's brunt,
With Baltimore and Raleigh steaming next,
While Petrel, Concord, Boston and the text
That taught proud Spain the question vexed
Of death unto her power upon the seas,
Of heedless ears unto her crafty pleas.

The Spanish guns began the mad refrain,
And Spanish guners worked with might to gain
A quick advantage o'er our jackies true,
Who silent stood and anxious glances threw—
While nearer, nearer to Spain's ships they drew—
To where their officers await the call
Despite the storm of hurtling shel and ball.

At forty minutes past the hour of five
The Yankee crews began their awful drive
Of wel-sent shels into the Spanish foes,
Whose crews fought on or died in frightful throes,
While al around the battle onward flows,
And cheer on cheer betokened skilful blows
The Yankees dealt unto the Spanish foes.

Then from the shore the spark flew on its course
That caused the mines to wreak their direful force,
But Spanish estimate was very wide—
The mines flashed out their force upon the tide;
And onward to their work our cruisers ride,
While thunder of the crashing armament
Bespake the course of war's destructive bent.

Ah! see! two gliding phantoms quickly start;
From Bacoor Bay the dreaded launches dart
That wield torpedo tubes—they must be stayed—
And swiftly rapid-firing guns are played
Until the dread torpedo boats are flayed;
One sank amid the bursting shels' harsh screech
The other madly flew unto the beach.

The Spanish flagship bravely sallied forth,
Olympia engaged the foeman wroth,
Then fore and aft the Yankees raked the foe,
Until she was a scene of frightful wo—
While Spanish skil caused them no deathly thro—
Then, wobbling like a senile derelict,
She weakly staggered back from close conflict.

Two long and anxious hours they drubed proud Spain,
Until her ships were shambles of the main,
And devastating fire had spread its might
To ad unto Spain's terrors in the fight;
The drifting, sinking cruisers were a sight
To make the stoutest heart abhor war's hel
And long for everlasting peaceful spel.

Three times around our ships, in grand array,
Upheld the flag in broad Manila Bay,
And then their crews went to a wel-earned rest,
While cheer on cheer announced the King's behest—
That surging life stil thriled each Yankee breast;
But woful scenes of desolation rife
They left to tel the Spaniards of the strife!

Refreshed, they steamed in haste to end the fray,
'Twas nearly noon upon that first of May;
They flew along the Spanish line and played
Their guns in quick succession, naut dismayed,
Until the Spanish flags no longer stayed
Aloft, and noblest part of Yankee pride
Was spent in saving men from strangling tide.

But stil the minor gunboats huged the shore
And seemed to slyly hanker for more war.
The Petrel quickly stild their rash pretense;
She taught the minor foes some common sense,
Thus bringing to the fleet rare recompense
Of wel-earned rest from toil and daring skil
That won the day when foemen sought to kill.

The Stoker.

The grimy stoker plays a hero's part
Supplying coal into the cruiser's heart;
He risks his life to gain the victor's crown
Without a hope of sharing great renown
Of daring men behind the guns.

Then here's a cheer to the man in the hold,
For loyal heart of the passer of coal,
The King looks down from His Throne of rare gold
And credit gives for the worth of his soul.

The Rough Riders.

"Our flag is insulted!" flew fiercely the cry,
From freeman to freeman, it rose to the sky,
Like surging, wild heat its fire raced in the veins;
"To arms!" was the call, "strike the land that profane
The law of our King, and then scatter the grain—
The horde of vile villains who sank our ship Maine."

From east to west it rose in a wail,
From north to south it beat like a flail,
In streets it ran, like fire was its breath,
In woodman's hut it found not its death,
But rose in might, so steady its roll,
Its call aroused each worthy son's soul
Who loves the Red and White and the Blue
That floats o'er land of brave and the true;
It reached our sons on rolling, wide plains,
And found brave arms to bear its harsh chains;
Then "Teddy" Roosevelt, knowing their worth,
And knowing of more salt of the earth
In manly hearts that throb in fine clothes
Where love of country zealously glows,
Developed them, with kindly, firm hand
Into a troop of cavalry grand—
The Rough Riders.

Then brave Colonel Wood gave the word that them sent
For country united on Freedom's cause bent;
They went to the front in the infantry line,
Their martial array showed a discipline fine;
They sang in a way that all hearts felt the thril,
The "Star-Spangled Banner" of plain and high hil.

In covert dense the Spaniards in wait,
On come the Riders, skirmishers' gait;
From top of La Guasimas' steep hil.
The bullets pour with deadliest skil;
Onward they press with nonchalant grit,
Tho many drop so fearfuly hit;
They sweep the foe like chaff in the wind,
These fighting Yankees, all of one mind;
From fiery charge the Spaniards then fly,
The Yankees praise their King in the sky;
For "Forward, Forward!" you hear the boys plead,
No matter where their duty may lead;
Their line goes forward, it never bends;
A host they are of kindliest friends,
And manly tears they silently weep
When covering deep their dead in last sleep—
The Rough Riders.

Heroes of the Merrimac.

(Santiago de Cuba.)

All eyes aloft to the Flag of Stars,
With red and white interweaving bars,
Now duty calls for a deed to ring
In history's pages and make bards sing;
No man afraid to meet Him, our King,
Need ask to go thru the fiery hel
Of solid shot and the bursting shel.

Too many heroes plead hard for place
Upon the Merrimac when she'll race
Fast o'er the mines, under frowning forts,
To block this flower of the Cuban ports;
Can they outwit the bold dons' cohorts?
Death hath no wos for the fearless tars
Who do and dare under Stripes and Stars.

Thru dark'ning mist, just before the dawn,
They steam away, no heart is forlorn;
Nine noble sons to attempt the deed,
To lay down lives for their country's need;
All fame and glory to such pure seed,
Which upward soars to heroic height
And cares for naut in its righteous might.

The guns then flash with their fitful glare,
The roar comes quick to their shipmates there,
Who peer and listen to learn their fate
While steaming for Santiago's gate,
'Mid hissing shels of mad Spanish hate;
Stil on they go toward the destined spot,
From stem to stern raked by shel and shot.

All firing ceases, the deed is done,
The race is o'er and the goal is won;
The sunlight comes with its cheering gleam,
But are our jackies within its beam—
Those heroes picked from the Nation's cream,
And one brave soul, who had stowed away
To help them on in their deadly way?

Soon comes the news that all are alive,
Two only hurt in that deadly drive;
Cervera sends in the trusty hands
Of his chief officer, sealing bands
That bind so close the brave in all lands,
The joyful tidings that every brave
Is safe from death in a watery grave.

COMMODORE GEORGE DEWEY

COL. THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Colonel Theodore Roosevelt.

In front of charging, sweeping host—
The boys who are the Nation's boast—
Rode Roosevelt, leader, brave and true,
To him the Nation's meed is due.
His horse stopd short in miry soil,
The Spanish fence ceased equine's toil,
But off he sprang, with cheering call,
And led them thru the battle's thrall.

The Vesuvius.

Thou engine of destructive might,
Whose frightful flame lights up the night,
Whose smashing force disrupts the rocks,
Thou art a source of earthquake shocks.

Troop C, Ninth U. S. Cavalry.

In that mad race with Death
They charged with bated breath;
The colored troop, with gallant rush,
Advanced the Spanish foe to crush,
And up the hil, San Juan its name,
They led the charge of world-wide fame.

Spain.

Rich talents rare gave God to greatest Spain,
She hauty grew in her corrupt disdain;
She lost her prestige on the Spanish main.
Oppression ne'er unearthed a plan that pays,
No nation gains which for amusement slays
And finds no time to mend her evil ways.
Her soldiers were as brave as braves could be,
Her sailors fought right wel upon the sea—
They needed naut but right to make her free.
She ruled her hosts with rasping iron hand,
She sought to keep a royal conscript band
And would not listen to our God's command.
Then province after province slipped away,
And blindly on she struggled in dismay;
She would not see the dawn of Freedom's day.
But God is stronger far than kings or lords,
He conquers quick the wrong with smiting swords
And sweeps away the vaunting, bestial hordes.

The Way Our Fathers Saw Their Duty.

Our fathers fought for homes, and treasures true,
Such heroes bold would have naut else;
"All honest men are equal when true blue,"
That was their standard, nothing else;
They held that blood was purest when no taint
Of cowardice was found therein;
And they who fought with hearts that knew no faint
Should reap reward for slaying sin.

The mantle of the citizen for all,
From workingman to plutocrat,
Unless we yield to satan's drear pitfall,
When poor shal fare like autocrat;
For all must toil, from humblest one to sage,
All earthly hopes end in the grave,
And flaunting titles rare upon Life's page
Do not reveal the modest brave.

The gallant lads who sail the ocean blue
Encounter storms upon their way,
But manfuly they strive while binding true
The nations close in peaceful sway;
And when red war, with rending, frightful cloud,
Comes roaring on to tear the foe,
It finds the jacky, fearless, calm and proud,
To meet the blast for weal or woe.

Each valiant son who loves the Stars and Stripes
A soldier true shal be to fight
The battles of his native land when jars
Of war endanger Freedom's might;
To plowshare turn the musket, cannon, sword,
When war is o'er and peace is won;
Dictator, king, or duke, or earl, or lord,
No name shal make a noble son.

One hundred years and more have passed away,
And heroes fair have braved the fray;
We stronger grow and better day by day,
And virtue seek, altho we slay;
In God we trust, in mercy have our hold,
And conscious are of path to hew
To reach the Cross of sinners—purest gold—
Which stands for all, and not the few.

New York's Heroic 71st.

The first to enlist,
The first in the line,
The first in the field,
They charge in the van.

They alway resist,
These soldiers so fine,
Their lives are a shield
To Yankeeland's clan.

New York's great heroes, can more be said,
You who have died and so nobly bled,
Than soaring cheers to your mighty tread,
As you sweep with resistless might
To the top of a frowning height
And keep close your comradeship tight,
Or march down our peaceful streets,
'Mid the Nation's joyful meets,
Marking time to drummer's beats?

Can we of jewels give you and gold,
The hauty emblems of mean and cold,
Who for their shine have our country sold
    Far too often to suit the brave,
    Who mount war's wild, destructive wave
    To earn glory or early grave,
        Or is't best to be our love,
        Kindly true as turtle dove,
        Fiercely strong as battle's glove?

Go on in might, with your fearless hearts,
In ways of war and the peaceful arts;
We hold a place in our busy marts
    Where you'll find richest treasure rare
    To impart to old age good care,
    And thus find our love's rarest fare;
        Petty mortals never turn
        Our rich love from Freedom's urn,
        Where unceasing fires e'er burn.

Cervera's Crushing Defeat.

(July 3, 1898.)

In annals of the sea
The tale wil thril the free
In many climes.

In single file they steamed from port
In desperate, last mad resort
To gain the sea, escape to Spain,
Recoup once more and try again,
And hope, next time, for better luck
Afighting Yankee skil and pluck.

Cervera, of renown,
Was beaten, foot to crown,
For Spanish crimes.

The Yankee fleet was in the way,
The Yankee guns began to play
A tattoo hard on Spanish ribs
That smashed away the steel in dribs;
At last it reached their cruisers' hearts
And made fit prey for Yanke parts.

The Spanish ships ashore,
By Yankee shells sore tore,
Ring loud our chimes.

The news that flew to Freedom's land
Was birthday gift to Nation grand—
A gift unto our natal day,
When cannons boom and children play,
And rockets blaze in starry night
To celebrate our Nation's might.

The Men Behind the Guns.

Then Commodore gave speech, in kindly way,
"You are the boys who won the deadly fray;
To men behind the guns is credit due
For sterling skil that hauty foeman slew."

"A victory that's large enough for all,"
Thus spake the Commodore at duty's call;
No selfish thought unhinged his judgment rare,
"To men behind the guns," he did declare.

It takes far more than cranky discipline
To make a cruiser's crew fight hard to win,
For men wel know the credit rarely goes
To those who toil to crush a country's foes.

COMMODORE WINFIELD SCOTT SCHLEY

Santiago.

To Santiago they are bound,
Altho the dead may strew the ground;
They boldly land on Cuba's shore
To gain more wealth for Freedom's store.

The torrid sun sends down its blaze
To ad to thirst and hunger's craze;
The weeping clouds pour chily rain
To ad to suffering's long train.

The gallant boys contest each mile;
They work with wil or hours beguile
As soldiers do the weary hours
That come between the battle's showers.

Along the line, thru tropic brush,
They chase the foemen with a rush,
Until the Spanish flag comes down
And upward flies our Starry Crown.

It was a sight that wel repaid
The toilsome march thru muddy glade,
It was a sight to cheer the heart
Of heroes grand for Freedom's part.

In Memoriam.

Ye sons whose precious blood was shed,
Who nobly fought and sadly bled
To strike the shackles from the wrists
With mighty blows of brawny fists,
We mourn your loss.

No marble shaft can wel repay
The worth of your enraptured clay;
Your onward spirit numbs the pain
Or fights the rush for sordid gain
And golden dross.

Within our dreams we hear the tramp
Of mighty hosts in Freedom's camp;
We see the lightning of the age
Astriking down the narrow gage
Of rotten thrones.

Your loyal blood hath won the soil
Of Spanish dons by weary toil,
But only Christ can cleanse the guilt
That centuries of sin hath built—
His Blood atones.

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